

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1897.

WEATHER—Cloudy; showers; warmer; southeast winds.

THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:
WHILE OTHERS TALK, THE JOURNAL ACTS.

GOOD GOVERNMENT THROUGH DEMOCRACY.

Every citizen of New York who is not looking for spoils desires good government as the result of the coming election. The question is, how that end is to be secured. As a Democratic paper the Journal believes that the best way to obtain good government is to fight for it within the lines of the Democratic party. By adopting that course it secured the insertion in the municipal platform of the people's demand for franchises. It committed the vast strength of the party to dollar gas and to the provision of school facilities sufficient to accommodate every child in New York. These results could not have been attained by bombarding the party from the outside. The advice of enemies would have had no effect. By working within the party lines the Journal succeeded in securing the adoption of the best platform submitted to the community by any of the organizations competing in the present contest. This concession to public opinion ought to be rewarded by the support of the people—at least of that part of the people that has been accustomed to act with the Democratic party. The way to keep an organization up to a high standard of conduct is to let it see that its actions meet with their exact deserts—that merit will meet with recognition as promptly as demerit with punishment.

The power of public sentiment, acting within the party lines, to bend reluctant leaders to its will, has been repeatedly demonstrated in this campaign. The Democratic masses, backed by the party press, protested against the county slate planned by the bosses, and in place of Grady, Keenan and Keating they forced the nomination of as good a county ticket as has ever been named in New York.

Wherever the desires of the public have been clearly expressed, the party managers have deferred to them. Nothing has been alleged against Mr. Van Wyck except the rather trivial French ball incident. That nothing worse can be brought against a candidate in the fierce criticism of such a campaign as this indicates that his character is not open to serious attack. There is really no shadow on the ticket except Croker.

That Croker is a shadow black enough to suit any taste may be freely admitted. But Croker is not the Democracy, nor even Tammany. He can be cast out of the Democratic party—not by Republicans nor by assistant Republicans, but by Democrats, meeting him on his own ground and fighting at close range. No attack from the outside can ever shake the position of a party boss. He must be assailed where he can be reached in his sole person, and not where he can defend himself behind the shield of party loyalty.

Croker has already met with defeat within the Democracy in this very campaign. He can be fought and defeated again, and he will be. The Democratic party of New York is entering on a new career. There are new elements to be reckoned with. Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond will contribute forces that have never been tainted with Crokerism. These elements, with those that Republican oppression has driven to the Democratic side on Manhattan Island, will not submit to having the fruits of the coming victory engrossed by a sordid boss.

It is privately admitted by every clear-sighted supporter of the other tickets that the Democratic ticket will be elected. The best assurance of good government, therefore, is for the victorious ticket to have the support of as many citizens as possible who can be relied upon to demand the fulfillment after election of the promises made to the people during the campaign. The Journal believes that every Democrat should heartily support the ticket, and it pledges itself to carry on from the day of election a war against Crokerism that will insure the greater city all the benefits of genuine reform, together with the advantages of Democratic liberty.

OUR RE- PULSED COM- MISSIONERS. The British Government has rebuffed President McKinley's Bimetallic Commissioners, as it had an undoubted right to do. Every country naturally looks primarily to its own interests, and if England thinks that she cannot afford to make any contributions to the restoration of international bimetalism, nobody can blame her for refusing to do so. It would be especially out of place for Americans to condemn Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, since it is well known that most of them were earnestly in sympathy with the proposals of the United States, and relinquished their intention of accepting them only under such pressure from the banking and capitalist classes as no British Ministry could resist.

But what we find difficulty in understanding is the peculiar violence with which our affectionate friends of the London press assail America for having made the proposition which they have forced their Government to reject. From their language one might imagine that we were a nation of bunced steers, intent upon selling the guileless Britons a bogus silver brick, and that our scheme was a new one, sprung upon our unsuspecting victims without warning. What we have really done has been to ask the British Government, in the politest way, whether it was prepared to renew the offer it made sixteen years ago, at the Paris monetary conference of 1881. It seems that it has changed its mind in the interim, as it did in a much shorter period on the sealing question. There is no objection to that, but it is hard to see why we should be treated like pickpockets for asking the question. The alacrity with which a section of the British press seizes every diplomatic suggestion of the United States as an opportunity to heap insults upon the American Government and people is scarcely calculated to promote those cordial relations which our insular friends profess so earnestly to desire.

It is a mistake for any class of political orators to assume that the people of this city are tired of genuine administrative reform. The trouble with our reform of the last three years is that it has been badly mixed. There is nothing unpopular about clean streets and improved health conditions. The people like new parks and pleasure grounds, and more and better schoolhouses. No matter if these things cost money and increase the tax rate. What the people want to know is that they get the worth of the money, and that it all goes to pay for what they get.

What they are tired of is sham reform. They don't like meddling interference with their personal conduct under the pretence of protecting their morals and improving their habits. They revolt against the direction which Parkhurstism and Rooseveltism took, and they resent the restraint and the exaction of tribute by the Rames law forced by rural legislators upon cities entitled to self government in local matters. The people believe that we can get rid of police corruption and blackmail without submitting to police tyranny. Laws that are made for the protection of the community against disorders need not be wrested to cause interference with the reasonable liberty of the law-abiding. There is need of sense and discretion as well as honesty in the use of the police power.

Democratic speakers would do well when they denounce reform to discriminate between the genuine and the sham, and not threaten to abolish the former for the sake of getting rid of the latter.

THE "REFORM" MIXTURE. It is a mistake for any class of political orators to assume that the people of this city are tired of genuine administrative reform. The trouble with our reform of the last three years is that it has been badly mixed. There is nothing unpopular about clean streets and improved health conditions. The people like new parks and pleasure grounds, and more and better schoolhouses. No matter if these things cost money and increase the tax rate. What the people want to know is that they get the worth of the money, and that it all goes to pay for what they get.

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THE PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WE CAN GET RID OF POLICE CORRUPTION AND BLACKMAIL WITHOUT SUBMITTING TO POLICE TYRANNY. Laws that are made for the protection of the community against disorders need not be wrested to cause interference with the reasonable liberty of the law-abiding. There is need of sense and discretion as well as honesty in the use of the police power.

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a secret ballot the money might be wasted. Men capable of selling their votes would cheat the buyer if he had no way of binding the bargain.

There is another pertinent question. What return can Platt make to the contributors to his fund? What consideration do they get? Are the corporations upon which he draws expecting favors from Platt's Legislature and protection at the City Hall in case he is in position to give it? Very likely, but how about Boss Quay and Manley and the other distant almoners of the contributions of the faithful?

Well, there may be favors in kind when they need help; and then Platt is in the United States Senate now. There are corporations out of New York and there is legislation in Washington that may affect them. It seems to be only an extension of the corrupt alliance between politics and corporate business. But this partnership between the Republican party and the "interests" which it "protects" is assuming such risky obligations that it is in danger of bankruptcy.

A Vermont man has been appointed consul to Morocco because he desires to go there for his health. This is another direct lunge at those critics who insist that the appointments in the consular service are not always for the public good.

President McKinley has appointed a reciprocity commissioner and he will probably be expected to see to it that Tom Platt repays the Administration's present effort in 1900.

Mr. Foraker's frequent denunciations of Mr. Hanna may be merely for the purpose of reminding the public that the latter is sadly in need of something of the kind.

In rendering a decision against the Southern Pacific Railway Company the United States Supreme Court exposes itself to a charge of anarchy.

The silence of David B. Hill is by no means significant. Mr. Hill is but quietly and properly pursuing the vocation of a man who has nothing to say.

The present campaign has at least developed the fact that some of the reform specialists entertain very poor opinions of each other.

Mark Hanna is experiencing a frost in his campaign. As Mark has no symptoms of yellow fever this is anything but welcome.

The report that an Ohio man expects to succeed him is one of the inevitable adjuncts of Justice Field's resignation.

It has been clearly demonstrated that Brer Bird Gardner is not a reformer.

Ideas from a Distance.

Good Advice Not Followed.

It is hoped and confidently believed by all sincere friends of the National Administration that efforts being made to draw it into the present municipal contest in New York City will be unsuccessful. For the National Administration to yield to importunities of Platt and Quigg at this time would be the height of consummate folly. When Judge Folger was nominated for Governor of New York he was endorsed by the National Administration and was defeated by nearly 200,000 majority. For the National Administration to endorse General Tracy or take any hand in the New York contest would be a blunder from which the Administration would never recover.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Advance Arrangements for the Obsequies.

Since it is possible that both the Republican candidates for Mayor of New York may be defeated, and since in that case there is not the slightest doubt that there will be a mutual "I told you so," and "It was your fault," here is a fair proposition: The Republican candidate receiving the fewest votes shall be considered the one to blame for Republican defeat, and upon him shall be cast the mantle of shame. Some one is at fault if there is Republican defeat in New York, when the city has voted for a Republican President, a Republican Governor and a Republican Mayor.—Worcester Telegram.

Advanced St. Louis.

The New York papers are celebrating the introduction of a novelty consisting of electric push buttons on the street cars. They are ancient history in St. Louis. But the street car system here is a revelation to New Yorkers in many respects.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Knifers and the Wood Sawyer.

One of the singular characteristics of New York City politics is becoming more and more apparent. The campaign is one of hatred rather than ambition. Henry George is more anxious to defeat Van Wyck than to secure his own election. The Low crowd doesn't care who is elected so long as Tracy is beaten, and the Tracy forces are devoting all their energies to defeating Low. Van Wyck's candidacy appears to be the only one that is inspired by any other idea than that of knifing somebody else, and as a result he is practically sure of election.—Chicago Chronicle.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

From a Janitor's Point of View.

To the Editor of the Journal:
 Reading your "Engineer's" letter in this morning's paper, allow me to correct his suggestions in regard to safety in elevator service. His first suggestion in regard to the janitor curtailing the engineers in his authority over the operation of elevators I think is entirely wrong. As I think that the greatest mistake some of those agents make is trying to save expense as much as possible by giving one man the work of two. The way that is done is by hiring a so-called superintendent, who is supposed to be the engineer and janitor both. By so doing you will find that the entire machinery of one of those big buildings is run by only one man, and he only a freeman, at that. Ask where the engineer is, and you will find he is on the twelfth or fifteenth floor somewhere, if in the building at all. I am surprised that there have not been many more accidents. Some day I suppose a building will blow up, and then see where our engineer is found. I believe in having an engineer downstairs in the engine room, where he belongs, and not upstairs looking after that part, as in most cases.

In regard to his other suggestion in the matter of license law, I believe he is right. I hope that the Journal will keep on doing some good, as it always has done, and find some way whereby the elevators can be perfectly safe for the thousands of people that use them every day.

A Poetical Warning.

A little less—for you are so great—
 A little less—it is hard to hate—
 Some good of things from our coupled task,
 May we share it with you? Is it much to ask?
 Hark ye! Mark ye! Give us a chance!
 Remember once in the land of France.

We will fetch and carry, and you shall gain;
 And starve our stomach and bleed our brain,
 Masters and mastered—the fools we are
 To doubt God's wisdom—don't go too far!
 Hark ye! Mark ye! Give us a chance!
 Remember once in the land of France.

We are willing to feed on the crumbs, the sop,
 You throw from your table, but let some drop;
 It may dull or deaden our pride and pluck,
 But doubtless God ordered we should be such.
 Hark ye! Mark ye! Give us a chance!
 Remember once in the land of France.

We have been patient—the Lord knows how—
 We will be patient—the Lord allow!
 Should we fly at your throat with a deadly clutch,
 God be our witness—we have suffered much.
 Hark ye! Mark ye! Give us a chance!
 Remember once in the land of France.

FOR MISS CISNEROS AND CUBA. "Cumberland '61," a New War Play. Enthusiastic Expressions of Sympathy from the American Press.

True Chivalry Under Old Glory.
 (From the St. Louis Star.)
 The release of Miss Cisneros, through the interposition and assistance of the correspondent of the New York Journal, causes me, as a native-born American, to feel especially proud and grateful that the Creator selected a citizen of the grandest and greatest nation on God's footstool as his instrument to effect the liberty of this pure and refined young woman. It proves to every true American how blessed our nation has been made by the Supreme Being. Every lover of his country must rejoice to think that such true chivalry could be revived under that sacred emblem of liberty, Old Glory.

Decker Shared the Honors.
 (From the Philadelphia Ledger.)
 Evangelina Cisneros, rescued from a Cuban prison by Karl Decker, a correspondent of the Journal, was the recipient of a public reception in Madison Square last night, held under the auspices of that newspaper. There was a big crowd present. If Miss Cisneros was the heroine of the occasion, Mr. Decker was clearly the hero.

Without Precedent.
 (From the Atlanta Constitution.)
 The New York Journal may now rest on its laurels assured of the fact that its release of Miss Cisneros is without precedent, and is not likely to have a parallel. It will stand alone among feats of newspaper enterprise.

Free Guba's Apotheosis.
 (From the Washington Times.)
 The American people are very much like other people; they like to crystallize their sentiments, ideals and aspirations around some personality. Not that the enthusiastic, splendid popular demonstration in connection with Senorita Cisneros in New York last night was not, proximately, an outburst of American joy over and admiration for the devotion and bravery of a poor little Cuban lady, who had shown the pluck and nerve which the Anglo-Saxon race always honor, an expression of national indignation for the persecutions and outrages to which she had been subjected by the hyena Weyler, and a sense of gratitude to her brave young liberator. It was, as well a note of warning, to all who may be concerned, that the great heart of this country goes out with vehemence and all its characteristic force to people who, as once we did, are struggling for the divine right of liberty and political independence. The underlying thought, in personifying the cause of Cuba in Evangelina Cisneros is American popular alliance with the cause of liberty against Spanish oppression and dominion. The government, native or foreign, which does not recognize this fact and the purpose contained within it, will make a hideous mistake.

It Makes the Legs of the Century Shake.
 (From the Boston Herald.)
 Sweet Evangelina has eclipsed four candidates for Greater New York's Mayoralty and given a touch of romance to this sordid century that fairly makes its poor old legs shake under it. Perhaps we should be grateful to Weyler for having imprisoned this Cuban girl, and inspired new journalism to such deeds of valor.

The Greatest Feat of Modern Journalism.
 (From the Newspaper Maker.)
 The greatest feat of modern journalism, according to many editors at home and abroad, was the liberation from a Spanish jail of Senorita Cisneros, a political prisoner. Three men of the New York Journal went to Cuba, and with death staring them in the face on a moonlight night broke down iron bars and liberated the prisoner. The story reads like a romance, and is truly so startling in conception and result that its importance has not yet been realized.

Ready to Protect Miss Cisneros.
 (From the New London Day.)
 It is stated by the Department of State that there is no treaty between this country and Spain by which Miss Cisneros, who recently escaped from a Cuban jail, where she was confined for a political offence, can be extradited. Well, we should guess not. Should Spain make any such demand upon the United States there is not an official under the United States Government who would dare to take any notice of it. There would be such a row that the Government would have from sheer necessity to decline to consider any demand or request from Spain. The old fugitive slave law could not hold a candle to such a preposterous demand.

Open Arms and Loving Hearts.
 (From the Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.)
 The wrongs and sufferings of this lovely Spanish maiden have stirred the hearts and sympathies of the people of Europe and America to a degree never witnessed in the history of our race. The rape of Helen of Troy and the Sabine Women, although portrayed by the greatest poets of the world, fall in pathos in comparison to the wrongs and sorrows of this maiden of Havana, in whose behalf, a petition from 14,000 of the women of America, added to that of His Holiness the Pope, and other high dignitaries and influential characters, to the Queen Regent of Spain, were offered in vain. It was reserved for an American citizen to do what all the skill and prowess of the Cuban insurgents and other influences could not do, and this beautiful Spanish girl is now safe in New York, and the whole combined powers of the world cannot force her back to the longhouse prison in Havana from which she was rescued. Mr. Hearst, the editor of the New York Journal, dispatched an emissary to Havana with instructions to rescue her. This trusted agent was given "carte blanche," and with a skill, nerve and finesse that would have done credit to Fouché himself, he rescued the suffering girl from her gloomy prison house and placed her safely on board an American steamer, which brought her safely to the open arms and loving hearts of millions of American people who will defy the world in arms to take her back to the prison from which she escaped.

Protected by the Stars and Stripes.
 (From the Williamsport Sun.)
 Even had Miss Cisneros's case been covered by any international law, public sentiment in the United States would have been so strongly against her return to the clutches of Weyler that the demand for her surrender to Spain would have been resisted to the utmost. The terrible fate which awaited this innocent and educated young woman was so great that the people of the United States would welcome war with Spain rather than consent that she should be given up to Weyler. Spain is not liable, however, to make a demand which she knows will not be granted. Miss Cisneros is under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and will remain here until she is able to resume her habitation on the island of her birth.

Equal to the Romances of Dumas.
 (From the Louisville Dispatch.)
 The act of young Duval will go down in the history of journalism as a most remarkable achievement. For adventurous circumstances and dramatic incident it is equal to the most thrilling romances of Dumas, and with all the international complications that might make it a subject for a strong romantic drama. Of all the great scoops of the Journal, this is undoubtedly the greatest from the standpoint of the sensational journalist as well as for the humanity and chivalry of the deed.

Moral Jail Breaking.
 (From the Worcester Gazette.)
 The newspaper, which had apparently despaired of any good results from its agitation, stole the girl through a window of the prison and smuggled her out of the country. This may be illegal, but the method will not be condemned by people who maintained underground railways to steal slaves from their masters, and by soldiers who made desperate attempts to break out of the Andersonville and Libby prison stockades. Many Americans would be delighted with the opportunity to release all the political prisoners who have incurred General Weyler's displeasure, and would, no doubt, have been glad to have had a chance to relieve the sufferings of Russia's exiles to Siberia. We cannot forget that one of New England's honored men, the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, was once rescued from prison illegally. Law-breaking is not always a moral offence.

A Tribute to the Newspaper Man.
 (From the Philadelphia North American.)
 It will have to be admitted that our New York contemporary, the Journal, has achieved the biggest kind of a scoop in its rescue of Senorita Cisneros from a Spanish prison. But the Journal could not have succeeded without the newspaper man, the ubiquitous, the audacious and the daring. The sympathies of the civilized world were with the imprisoned maiden, but no amount of sympathy could have effected what the audacity and courage of a pair of newspaper men have done. The senorita has reached New York, and may be congratulated upon her own courage and the courage of her rescuers.

FOR MISS CISNEROS AND CUBA. "Cumberland '61," a New War Play.

FRANKLIN FYLES has arranged a clean, neat, and almost cozy little "romantic drama" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and he has called it "Cumberland '61." It has nothing but one burning bridge in it to recommend it to the common or garden melodrama-mongers. Mr. Fyles, with marvellous discretion, has declined to dally with the yawning chasm into which the heroine with tilted tresses falls. He has refused to acknowledge Fourteenth Street's mania for the ticklesome buzz-saw. In fact, he has kept himself to the legitimate and non-accent business of love and intrigue, and he has woven a play that is tidy, unfrayed at the edges and possibly durable.

Mr. Fyles has moreover carefully avoided toying with that briefest of the Ten Commandments known as No. 7. All his characters are as pure as the cup of water from tea, if you please, over which the villain fell in love with the heroine, and as that water was not of the New York croton brand, its purity need not be impeached.

If his playwright, however, has turned his back on the hackneyed seventh Commandment, he has topsy-turvyed "considerable" with the less dramatic fifth. I am sorry to say that Mr. Fyles has cut up and pranks with the parents in his play. They are the worst sort of people the stage has seen. They are either ineffectually villainous or disgracefully skittish. Colonel Leslie Murdoch, the lover-villain, spurs his own half-bred son, and suggests a negro taint in his veins. There is perpetual conflict between these two. Benner Alansley, a Cumberland mountaineer, allows this same meaty lover-villain to educate his daughter, and marry her in consideration of the expense to which he has been put. Then, when he learns that sweet Alice is in love with Gordon Grayne, his enemy, he calls her a viper, a traitor and other proper names. This is parental conflict No. 2.

Then come the comedy characters, with their skittishly parental difficulties. Miss Pink Victoria is in love with a youth, who is apparently paying attention to her mother. So to arouse his jealousy she accuses the services of his father, and makes affectionate use of them. Altogether Mr. Fyles has brought the fifth Commandment into more fervent play than it has had for years. It was, in fact, growing rather rusty. However, it is so pleasant to find the seventh resting on its laurels, as it were, that you forgive Mr. Fyles, sincerely hoping that the youthful patrons of the Fourteenth Street Theatre will not go home to-night imagining that their fathers are rakes, and their mothers saucy persons.

"Cumberland '61" is a good story, and it is well told. It is not an inspired story. Mr. Fyles was not oppressed by the weight of a number of potent novelties in emotion and in situation that he felt he really must pour forth, or indulge in spontaneous combustion. "Cumberland '61" is undoubtedly due to a desire to write a pleasant and non-sensational play for the entertainment of a class of people who have been nourished on buzz-saws and boiler-explosions—with limited mail train collisions for dessert—and found them indigestible.

The hero and the heroine of the piece belong to families who are vendettaing. She has been betrothed to a singularly loathsome person who has paid for her A B C education, lessons in deportment, and possibly skirt dancing—or something of a similar nature belonging to 1861. This loathsome person is the father of the half-bred Indian, having married an Apache princess. Alice Alansley hates him vigorously, and tells him so. Her fiery denunciation makes no difference. They are wedded on the stage in an old Kentuckian church.

The lover, who is almost as stout as the villain, tries to rescue her, but he is taken prisoner, and later on he is to be hanged with the half-bred son, Leslie Murdoch deciding to kill two birds with one rope. That is where you are when the bridge is burned. The deed is done by the half-bred, who in return is to have his birth acknowledged. It is made apropos by the fact that the lover and Alice's vindictive father meet on this bridge and fight, and that the father is saved from death by red fire by this same exceedingly doughty lover, who rescues him at sweet Alice's request.

The Fourteenth street audience enjoyed this bridge scene immensely last night. Nothing pleases this portion of the city better than a comfortable hand-to-hand fight, and, with a rescue thrown in gratis, there was not the slightest possible chance of failure.

"Cumberland '61" is nicely written. Occasionally the characters were high falutin in their talk, but there is no harem in a few brooks below Twenty-third street. It is only when you get up in the Murray Hill neighborhood that a grade needs no ornamentation.

John E. Kellard was the half-bred. He looked like a tobacco store advertisement freshened up with a hair cut. Mr. Kellard was very intense and repressed. At times his emotions caused him to wheeze a little, but he meant thoroughly well. The peculiarity about his work was that he never looked at anybody when he spoke, but seemed to be gazing at some inspired object in the wings.

Frank Losee was the naughty lover who had ruined an Apache princess in her salad days. You felt a burning desire to see what the Apache princess who tolerated Mr. Losee's advances looked like, but she was dead. Edgar L. Davenport was the real lover, and poor Alice was in a predicament. I should think, which was a case of "how happy couldn't I be with either?" Mr. Davenport was not a dashing Lothario. His enthusiasm was all of the abominable-abdominal. Miss Sumnerville, who is getting so thin that her banting has ceased to be jocular, played a sprightly widow very agreeably, and a charming young girl, delicate, refined and musically-voiced, named Florence Rockwell, was the heroine. Little Mr. Lionel Barrymore, who looks like his lamented mother; Viola Black, who has a splendid set of enamel-white teeth, and Millie Sackett, were also in the cast.

The horror of darkness during the change of scenery was avoided by the dropping of a tableau curtain. Many ladies of third tendencies will be pleased to hear this.

ALAN DALL.

His Banquo.
 (Washington Post.)
 Senator Thurston's declaration that there will be no more Republican Presidents unless Tracy is elected Mayor of New York is liable to turn up and Banquo him in 1900.

Unique Qualification.

(Washington Post.)
 Complaint is made that one of the Ohio candidates for the Legislature can neither read nor write. This qualifies him for keeping out of a vast amount of mischief.

Valuable Tip.

(Arlington Globe.)
 An Atchison drummer attributes half of his success to invariably laughing at the funny stories of his customers.